

## A Postman's Story.

(Original.)

"There was a girl on my route," said the postman, "to whom I delivered letters from the time she was just old enough to read them. It may seem strange to you, but whenever I had a letter for her it was the pleasure of the day for me. There's no happiness equal to giving happiness to another, and whenever my little girl received a letter the joy that lit up her childish face was reflected in mine."

"When she was about seventeen there came a new interest for her in her letters. One morning when I was sorting the mail for my route I saw a letter the superscription of which indicated that it was not from a girl friend. It was written in a clerical hand, evidently by a young man whose chirography had not become set. My little girl was waiting for me at the gate, and I knew that her eyes were upon me while I was yet far down the street. Before I reached her they were big with expectancy. While I had still two stops to make before coming to her I held up her letter, but I was too far for her to see the superscription, and she was only partly reassured. When she saw the youthful writing ornamented with pen flourishes a gladness spread itself over her features that made my heart correspondingly joyful."

"Every day for weeks I gave her a letter addressed in the same hand. Then I noticed by the postmark that the writer was going from place to place and the letters were less frequent. This made the girl more anxious to get them, and, as soon as I turned a certain corner far down the street and saw her watching at the gate, when I had no letter for her I would raise an empty hand, but when I had one I would wave it aloft."

The letters were coming again daily when suddenly they stopped. Every day that I passed my little girl without one for her she grew more anxious, and when a week had gone by and I was obliged to pass the worried pale face at the gate without bringing comfort I felt as a doctor must feel who can give a favorite patient no relief."

One day I had a letter for her addressed in the usual hand. I was mightily pleased and watched her face eagerly when I delivered it. She tore it open and ran it over eagerly. I had no right to delay, but I did, wishing to know if the news was good or bad. I saw her turn red, and, crumpling the letter spasmodically, she ran into the house."

That was the last of her waiting at the gate for letters. Whenever I passed the house and did not see her I would think what pleasure it would give me to turn her correspondent over a slow fire. I was sure he had flitted her."

Several years passed, during which I delivered my little girl no love letters. Of this I was sure, for of all she received few were in masculine hand, and such came only at intervals. Then one day while sorting my mail for delivery I came across one on which the handwriting seemed familiar. Then I recognized it as that of the youthful correspondent, only now it had become a man's fixed hand. I handed it in at the house to a maid with other mail, so I didn't see the recipient when she

## Syrup of Figs and Elixir of Senna

Cleanses the System Effectually. Disperses Colds and Headaches due to Constipation. Acts naturally, acts truly as a Laxative.

Best for Men, Women and Children—Young and Old. To get its Beneficial Effects Always buy the Genuine which has the full name of the Company

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SOLD BY ALL LEADING DRUGGISTS.  
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opened it. At the next delivery my little girl appeared at the door and handed me the letter I had delivered unopened and readdressed, evidently to the sender.

"Do you know I just couldn't send that letter back? I should have been 'fired,' I know, but I would have rather lost my position than let that little girl blight her life. If she had been doing it for any reason except 'mad' she would either not have replied at all or by letter. 'Mad' it was, I was sure, and I believed that if the fellow got his letter back in that way the matter would be ended forever. At the post-office I showed the letter into a box marked 'Misses,' put a bit of paper in an envelope on which I wrote, 'Never give up the ship,' and sent it instead, disguising my hand and not signing what I had written."

"In about a week another letter came for the girl from the lover. I handed it to, not seeing the recipient. After that I delivered several letters at intervals of five or six days, and I knew the correspondence was on again. In a few weeks more when I whistled at the house of my little girl she opened the door herself and snatched her letter with some of her old eagerness."

"It was about three months after this that I was tipped to carry a big bundle of wedding cards to the post-office. They were given me by the girl herself. I braced up and made bold to say to her:

"I've delivered letters to you for years, and you know how much interested I've been in you. Won't you tell me what came between you and your lover?"

"You've been very lovely to me ever since I was a child, so I'm going to tell you. It was all his fault. In one of his letters he spoke of my beautiful gray eyes. My eyes are blue. That started it, and it went on till he wrote horrible things to me."

"When they were about to be married I delivered letters to the young man at her house. I gave him the one she had sent back and I had stopped. He looked at it, then at me with astonishment."

"If I had got that letter," he said, "she would never have got another one from me."

"Taking a ten dollar bill from his pocket, he handed it to me. But I went on without it."

"There are some things a postman can't be paid for."

At The R. R. Ticket Office.

Yes, Fate was more than commonly perverse.

For, knowing I had cut it rather fine,

To see you head the long impatient line

Was simply diabolical or worse!

Oh, what an agony I had to nurse

The while you learned your fate was one-and-nine,

And with the utmost calm began to mine

The dark, unplumb'd recesses of a purse!

The senseless porter slams the infernal gate,

And far away the laden train has rolled,

You always do it, always make me wait

While you inquire: "How much?" and when you're told,

I fumble with copper if the sum be great

And if it be but tuppence tender gold!—Punch.

The Umpire.

(With Apologies to the Vampire.)

A fool there was and he made his prayer

(Even as you and I)

To the raging rabble assembled there,

For a soda bottle struck him square

In the back of the neck, and it made him swear

(Even as you and I).

Oh, the cheers we waste,

And the jeers we waste,

And the pennant hopes we had planned

Belong to the man who did not know

(And now we know that he will never know)

That Murphy had beaten Sullivan's throw,

And he could not understand.

They missed his hair and they tore his pants,

Just to make him understand;

Then turned in a call for the ambulance

The work of our heart and hand,

But all they could find of that umpire there

Was a rag and a bone and a hank of hair.

They had certainly done him up for fair.

For he could not understand.

Oh, it isn't the shame,

And it isn't the blame

That things like a white-hot brand

It's the thought of losing a game that

was won

Like an ignorant, newly son-of-a-gun

Who could not understand.

—St. Louis Republic.

## STORM DELAY AT PINE PLAINS

Upsets the Plans for Army Manoeuvres

SLIGHT INJURIES RECEIVED

By Militiamen—Nearly All the Troops Now on the Grounds—Special Provision Made for Health of Men and Officers.

Pine Camp, N. Y., June 16.—Rain, accompanied by heavy winds, played havoc with the tented military city here Sunday night, many tents being blown down, including the paymaster's tent. The paymaster was paying off the members of the Twelfth Infantry when the storm came.

Several hundred dollars in bills were scattered and only a part of the money was recovered. Corporal Carlson of Company G, Sixth Massachusetts, was struck by a falling tent pole and received a severe scalp wound, which rendered him unconscious. His injury, however, is only superficial. The sandy soil absorbed the rain readily, the troops suffering little inconvenience. At noon all the troops scheduled to be on the grounds had arrived, with the exception of the Second New Hampshire and Troops B and D of New York. The scheduled program for yesterday was disarranged by the storm and all drilling was abandoned.

TEST WITH THE FLORIDA PLEASURES WAR SECRETARY.

Taft Joins With Metcalf in Saying the Government Is Well Repaid.

Washington, June 16.—That the test made on the monitor Florida in Hampton Roads with a Whitehead torpedo was highly satisfactory and will repay the government a hundredfold is the opinion expressed by Secretaries Metcalf and Taft, who witnessed the test. Mr. Taft said:

"It has been the general belief that a torpedo would sink a battleship, but the test shows that such is not the case. The torpedo penetrated the half-inch outer shell and the door of a second compartment. Of course, a mine would have a more serious effect."

Mr. Taft was greatly impressed with the new military test on the Florida, which had been tested recently with a twelve-inch gun.

Not Broadened.

There's nothing like travel to broaden a man. Is something you've often heard said. But sometimes a fellow will travel so hard

He journeys back thinner instead.

—Cleveland Plain Dealer.

Crying Need.

Knicker—It is buggy riding season. Bocker—Yes, and there is a fortune waiting for the man who invents a rowboat that can find its own way home.—New York Sun.

Omni Revised.

A book of "Auto Rules" underneath the bough. A stalled machine, a busted tire, and those beside me lying in a slushy ditch—Ah, slushy ditch was paradise snowed! —Lippincott's Magazine.

Force of Habit.

Hogan—Phwat became av Pat? Grogan—The poor felly mistook an auto horn for a whistle and shopped wurk crossing the strate.—Puck.

The Unhappy Milkmaid.

New York's state board of health has directed that all persons who milk cows must wear white overalls and white jackets.

"Where are you going, my pretty maid?" "Look at my outfit, duncie," she said. "Can I go with you, my pretty maid?" "Not till you're sanitised, chump," she said.

—Cleveland Plain Dealer.

Wisdom Comes Slowly.

Towne—I believe it's a fact that a man must get to be at least thirty before he really knows anything.

Brown—Yes, and he must be at least forty before he quits telling what he knows.—Catholic Standard and Times.

A Search For Solitude.

Oh, where is the street that is free from contention, A street where the people will not pause and stare, Where without riches attracts no attention? Ah, would that kind fate would direct me to there!

Shops, cars and automobiles don't annoy me, And nothing I care for the odors they make. One place, could I find it, would quite overjoy me— A place I could eat this five cents' worth of cake.

—Puck.

Pique?

Miss Broadway—They may be married here because of her figure. Mr. Madison—Well, that was quite natural.

"Oh, no. Indeed, it wasn't."—New York Life.

A Skin of Beauty is a Joy Forever.

D. T. Felix Goursaud's Oriental Cream or Magical Soap.

Remove Tan, Pimples, Freckles, Moth, Bores, Itch, and Skin Diseases, and every blemish on beauty, and make the skin soft, smooth, and beautiful. It has stood the test of 50 years, and is so famous that it is known to be the best skin cream in the world.

Accept no imitations. Dr. T. Felix Goursaud, 101 N. 1st St., New York. Dr. T. Felix Goursaud, 101 N. 1st St., New York. Dr. T. Felix Goursaud, 101 N. 1st St., New York.

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## GEORGE H. PROUTY, CANDIDATE FOR THE GOVERNORSHIP

He Stands for Equalization of Taxes, Permanent Roads, Better Schools, State Supervision of Telephone and Telegraph Companies and the Advertising of Vermont.

Candidate Stanton Attempts to Cover His Movements—His Assertion That He Does Not Confer With Railroad Officials Refuted.

(Contributed.)

In a letter to a number of newspapers, the Hon. Zed S. Stanton, candidate for nomination to the governorship, has declared as "unqualifiedly false in whole and in every particular" a statement that had previously received some newspaper publicity, as follows:

"It is asserted on what is believed to be good authority that a conference was held in the office of the Central Vermont Railway company in St. Albans, at which were present Mr. Stanton and the attorneys and lieutenants of the Central in this (Franklin) county."

Mr. Stanton is a lawyer and as a lawyer he may be expected either to affirm or deny. This may mean that he may be presumed to possess the art of taking some one condition of an assertion like the above and make its other conditions appear to be so far dependent upon the one chosen, that a denial of the one so made dominant is apparently a denial of the whole. Thus, the one element that truthfully can be denied can be used to cover those which are undeniable.

It has developed that the conference was not held at the office of the Central Vermont railway. The assertion to that effect was an error in the original publication of Stanton's visit to St. Albans. Such part of the charge, therefore, could be denied truthfully by Stanton.

If the original report from which Stanton quotes as above noted had not erroneously located the place of conference "in the office of the Central Vermont railway" could he have denied the rest of the assertion, even under the manipulation of an astute lawyer? Let us see.

In a letter to the Burlington Free Press published Thursday, June 11, a correspondent signing himself, "One Who Was There," admits that Stanton did

FAVORITE SON SERIES—MURPHY

Trenton, N. J., June 16.—The first candidate to be actively pushed by the Republican party of his own state for the vice-presidential nomination, was Franklin Murphy, former governor of New Jersey.

The Jersey choice for the tail of the ticket is large of physique, constantly wears a sunny smile, and is always scrupulously attired. He is a man of wealth, high tastes, a lover of things beautiful, and is inclined to be luxurious in his habits. While governor he caused to be built adjoining the private executive chamber in the State House a magnificent bathroom at a cost of \$10,000, and for this satisfying of a personal whim he invoked upon his head the unfavorable criticism of his political enemies. But it made no difference to Mur-

phy. He had the bath, he enjoyed it, and that was all there was to it. In keeping with this quality in his nature, the ex-governor is a lavish entertainer. The magnificent dinners which he gave, at his own expense, while governor, are still vividly remembered. An meant for him who was wise enough to accept, a participation in the choicest morsels of the season and the rarest vintage which money could furnish and ingenuitously could suggest. He personally attended to the smallest details of an affair of this kind, his remarkable sense for artistic effect being indelibly stamped upon every feature of the entertainment. One of the most elaborate of his dinners as governor was given to state officials and newspaper men in the beautiful Stryker home on West State street, Trenton, in which house the governor made his headquarters while at the capital. At this affair he spared no expense to evolve a dining room replete with splendid color effects and the rarest blooms. He gave a number of dinners and receptions to members of the legislature, and he was the first of the governors of New Jersey to carry out this policy on a large scale.

It was Governor Murphy who was responsible for the building of the present enlarged Senate chamber in the Capitol. The art employed in this addition was largely his own designing and selection, and is pronounced by connoisseurs to be of a high order.

The State House has another heritage of Murphy's artistic temperament in the House of Assembly meeting place. Until he decided that the house needed renovation that chamber was more or less of a joke. Murphy determined to have the walls of the chamber in Colonial blue and yellow, and although this scheme is not generally regarded as suitable for a legislative hall, it is one of beauty and decidedly appropriate in this state which played so prominent a part in Colonial history.

Murphy's home in Newark is magnificent from cellar to roof. Here, of course, he has had free play and has carried out his hobbies in decoration to his heart's content. One of the luxuries he enjoys here is a specially constructed music room, one of the chief characteristics of which is its adaptability to sound effects.

But the love of the beautiful is not, by any means, the only side to Murphy's character. He is intensely practical. He is a politician of no mean calibre and a remarkably successful business man. Returning from the war a first lieutenant, in 1865, after having spent some years in many of the great battles and accompanied General Sherman on his famous march to the sea, he laid the foundation of his extensive business as a varnish manufacturer, his firm being known as the Murphy Varnish company. By great energy and devotion to detail, Murphy built up a big trade, with branches in several parts of this country and Europe.

In 1882 Murphy took the chairmanship of the state Republican committee and distinguished himself by his efficient work in the following campaigns, the direct result of which was the bringing of New Jersey into prominent in the list

Candidate Prouty is Not an Enemy of the Railroads—But He Sees No Reason Why They Should be Given Special Privileges.

(Contributed.)

The following editorial from the Burlington News of Thursday, June 11, deserves the attention of every voter:

"The only danger that threatens the railroads in Vermont comes from their own acts, namely, the tendency of their attorneys to fly in the face of public opinion when reasonable legislation is proposed. Formerly these matters were controlled at the polls by the railroads. That time has gone by, however, and the lawyer's lobby has taken its place. Another thing we have noticed, namely, that the railroads, through their attorneys, are suffering from accident suits. Verdicts totalling over \$50,000 have been rendered in railroad cases within a few months. These were fought out in the courts with their publicity and resulting animosities when they might have been settled without producing wide resentment and at much less cost—to say nothing about reducing court expenses. The railroads—or railroad attorneys—bearing in mind the former domination of the railroads in Vermont, are disposed to strongly resent their loss of power."

"Our advice to the railroads is to leave politics alone and trust to the honor of the people for fair treatment. As we

have said, there is no desire in Vermont to wrong the railroads, but they must expect to obey the laws, pay reasonably for damages and deal in all things squarely by the great public. Without any particularly adverse sentiment against the railroads now, an alliance for political purposes would be fatal to the present harmony."

"There is much in present political discussion to show hostility, on the part of the railroads, to the last administration for its railroad legislation, yet there was no attempt to 'hold up' or to cripple or in any way to unfairly treat those corporations. The legislation of that session could not fairly be called hostile; it seemed to us to be solely for the public good. We maintain that any attempt in Vermont to destroy the railroads or even hamper them would find no public force behind it. Mr. Prouty is not a railroad assassin, and there will be no profit in aligning him as such. He has taken and now takes a sane view of railroad rights and railroad obligations. His attitude as lieutenant-governor was in favor of the Proctor policies; and the less the railroads say about the attitude of Mr. Prouty and of the Proctor administration the better."

COL. BRYAN WOULD LIKE WILSON ON THE TICKET

Thinks President of Princeton Would Help Him Win.

Washington, June 16.—William J. Bryan looks with favor on the idea of having President Wilson of Princeton named for vice-president on the Democratic ticket. This is the talk here, emanating from friends of Mr. Bryan. So far as known, Mr. Wilson and his friends have not been consulted. Mr. Bryan looks on Mr. Wilson as a tariff expert who would be of strength to the ticket, through speeches he might make, on that subject, and also as a man whom eastern Democrats would like. Much talk is heard of Mayor Tom Johnson of Cleveland as probable campaign manager for the Democrats.

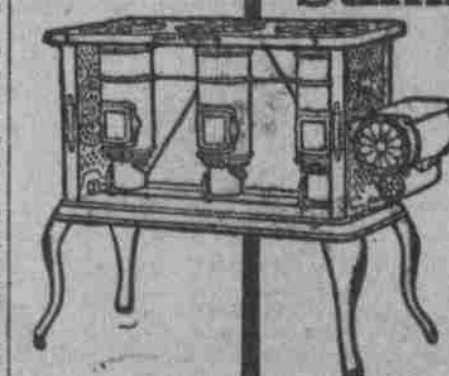
HUGHES' EXPENSES AS \$60,000 A YEAR.

Dr. MacArthur Says Governor Will Not Run Again—Praise Also for Foelker.

New York, June 16.—The Rev. Dr. MacArthur, speaking to the current topics class at the Calvary Baptist church, said that no act of bravery had been performed on the battlefield equal in nobility to the action of Senator Foelker in leaving his sick bed and going to the Senate at Albany to vote in favor of the anti-racing bills.

"I know that Gov. Hughes will not be a candidate for governor again. He has done his great work. I think I am perfectly safe in saying that it has cost him between \$60,000 and \$75,000 per year to occupy the place. He will come back to private life and to merited prosperity, which I hope will descend upon him in all its fulness."

## Have You a Summer Stove?



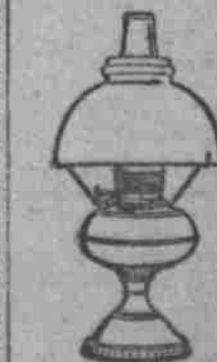
heating the room. If you examine the

**NEW PERFECTION**  
Wick Blue Flame Oil Cook-Stove

you will see why this is so. The heat from the chimney of the "New Perfection" is concentrated under the kettle and not dissipated through the room by radiation. Thus it does the work of the coal range without its discomfort. Ask your dealer about this stove—if not with him, write our nearest agency.

The **Rayo Lamp** is a very handsome piece of housefurnishing and gives a clear, powerful light more agreeable than gas or electricity. Safe everywhere and always. Made of brass finely nickel-plated—just the thing for the living-room. If not with your dealer, write our nearest agency.

Standard Oil Company of New York (Incorporated)



## HELPFUL ADVICE



You won't tell your family doctor the whole story about your private illness—you are too modest. You need not be afraid to tell Mrs. Pinkham, at Lynn, Mass., the things you could not explain to the doctor. Your letter will be held in the strictest confidence. From her vast correspondence with sick women during the past thirty years she may have gained the very knowledge that will help your case. Such letters as the following, from grateful women, establish beyond a doubt the power of

**LYDIA E. PINKHAM'S VEGETABLE COMPOUND**

to conquer all female diseases.

Mrs. Norman R. Barndt, of Allentown, Pa., writes:

"Ever since I was sixteen years of age I had suffered from an organic derangement and female weakness; in consequence I had dreadful headaches and was extremely nervous. My physician said I must go through an operation to get well. A friend told me about Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound, and I took it and wrote you for advice, following your directions carefully, and thanks to you I am today a well woman, and I am telling all my friends of my experience."

**FACTS FOR SICK WOMEN.**

For thirty years Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound, made from roots and herbs, has been the standard remedy for female ills, and has positively cured thousands of women who have been troubled with displacements, inflammation, ulceration, fibroid tumors, irregularities, periodic pains, backache, that bearing-down feeling, flatulency, indigestion, dizziness, nervous prostration,

and all the ills that women are

subjected to. It is the only

remedy that cures them.

It is the only remedy that

is so famous that it is known to be the best

remedy in the world.